

THE

QUILL

MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS



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THE QUILL

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| | |
|---|----|
| Cover—Copy Girl!—Wide World | 1 |
| At Deadline—R. L. P. | 2 |
| Ferretting for Facts at the Front!—Lieut. Eugene Phillips | 3 |
| You Don't Have Time to Get Bored!—Robert Okin | 5 |
| Speaking of Public Service Projects—George F. Pierrot | 6 |
| What Do Your Readers Think?—Harold H. Smith | 8 |
| You Can't Draw on Face Values Alone—James E. Pollard | 10 |
| The Book Beat | 15 |
| The Write of Way—William A. Rutledge III | 16 |
| Who—What—Where | 17 |
| As We View It | 18 |

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AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

DOWN in the hills of Southern Ohio, where life somehow always has seemed richer and fuller than it has in a busy, metropolitan center, lived one who probably was the most interested reader THE QUILL had each month.

Not that she knew much about journalism as a calling—of its trials, its tribulations, its thrills. Not that she ever had entered a city room or a back shop. Nor were many of the men and women who follow the scent of printer's ink known to her personally.

Her interest in journalism and THE QUILL was based on the fact the hands which somehow knit the pages of the magazine together each month are those from which, in other years, she had so often removed the grime and stains accumulated on various and sundry ventures of boyhood.

She turned the pages of this publication each month not so much to be interested or entertained as to examine the handiwork of one whose efforts she had known and watched from his first breath.

Little did we realize when the August issue was placed in the mails that it would be the last one she would receive—that this, the September number, would not receive her kindly but searching scrutiny. But that's the way it turned out to be.

Her admonition through the years was: "Whatever you do, do it the best you can." That's what we'll be trying to do in the years ahead, whatever they may bring.

THAT interesting article on verbal journalism—"Dictate—Or Be Damned"—which Charles Cowden contributed to the July issue of THE QUILL, brought this interesting comment from James L. C. Ford, assistant professor of journalism at the University of California, Berkeley, Calif.:

"There's no need of being damned—at least at Oregon—or the University of California. For journalism students in those schools can dictate.

"Charlie Cowden makes a good point about reporting via phone—but some journalism schools are teaching it already. Both at the University of Oregon in 1939-40 and especially in the Department here, students in my reporting classes get a chance to try out their leg and rewrite techniques, via phone.

"Maybe the fact that I worked for the United Press myself has something to do with it—those Unipressers giving and taking in the illustrations look familiar."

[Concluded on page 19]

Soldiering and Reporting Go Hand in Hand When You're Ferreting for Facts At the 'Front'!

By LIEUT. EUGENE PHILLIPS

LIKE most of us who drifted into journalism, I always had a "hankering" to be a "war correspondent."

Well, I got my wish—but not in the manner I'd mused about.

Even the fellows covering the fight abroad are finding their lot less romantic, and certainly more fraught with personal danger, than the Richard Harding Davises, the Floyd Gibbonses, and the numerous others who made names for themselves reporting from earlier battle fronts.

The "war" I'm covering isn't real, the enemy situations are assumed, and the firing is simulated, or blanks. I'm not an agency man, nor am I a special correspondent. The only journal which carries my stuff is the journal G-2 (Intelligence section of the General Staff) keeps at Division Headquarters.

But I'm still a war correspondent, and on the straightforward facts I ferret out well to the front of our advancing forces in this sham battle depends greatly the success of the effort of the Division in which I play a small role.

MORE men take orders from me than the average managing editor, for there

are 30 men in my platoon—part of a crack reconnaissance troop of mechanized Cavalry attached to the Third "Marne" Division, one of the Army's tri-angular or "streamlined" units.

The facts I must gather and send back via radio from my armored scout car are the same as those embodied in a news story. And, having been a newspaperman, I can better perform my job. Writing a message, cryptic yet complete, in the shortest possible space of time for me is routine. I have seen field officers struggle for five minutes over a three-sentence message because they did not have the facility of writing simply, and hurriedly. I teach my non-coms and car commanders the 5W's of a news story, and require that they learn to incorporate those facts—WHAT, WHERE, WHO, WHEN, WHY, in that order—quickly in the messages they may transmit to me, and in turn to higher headquarters. A good reporter could make a good soldier in an outfit like mine.

Facts, before they are labeled "INFORMATION" at headquarters, must be gathered, sifted, co-ordinated with other known facts, and weighed impartially. My job is to get the facts about the enemy, fighting if necessary to obtain them. My



Lieut. Eugene Phillips

men are armed with the pistol, I have two riflemen, four Thompson sub-machine guns or "Tommies," and my four armored cars carry 12 other machine guns.

Like a good reporter after a story, we are insistent. And a scoop means all the world to us. Upon just such a scoop may rest defeat or victory. And we like our job, despite the known fact that in reconnaissance elements of the German army casualties have run as high as 80 per cent in a single engagement!

We cover the "front"—and we must do it well, or lose not only our jobs, but our necks as well! In our sham battles we are subject to capture by the "Red" forces, and we know that the "shooting war" may not be far off. Cool heads, clear heads count here. Our facts must be authentic. We cannot stoop to sensationalism.

JUST a year ago I was a public relations man, doing fairly well—I thought—in a job I created myself. But I could see ahead and read the "handwriting on the wall." Some of the things of the past few months I could predict far in advance.

I took a leave of absence, volunteered to serve as long as I was needed. I didn't wait to be called, nor was it necessary for the "18-months more" bill to be passed to retain me in the service of my country.

My friends—among them the editor of *THE QUILL*—have always told me any experience, regardless, is good for a newspaperman. Background, you know. It helps a fellow know better what he is writing about.

Then I'm well off, for my duties have been many and varied.

Besides having charge of Headquarters platoon as communications officer, for which I was specially trained at the Cavalry School, I have commanded alternately two other platoons, served as mess officer, morale officer, public relations offi-

HERE'S an article straight from one of America's "war fronts," "Somewhere in Western Washington," where civilians of a few months ago are training to defend their country when and where necessity may demand. Written by a former newspaperman, it should be of interest to every editorial man because it shows that the fundamentals of good reporting are as vital—indeed much more so—at the front as they are in the city room.

Lieut. Eugene Phillips is no "rookie" in these columns or in Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity. Before, during or after his undergraduate days at the University of Georgia, he did newspaper or radio work on the *Georgian*, the *Constitution* and the *Journal in Atlanta*, the *Athens (Ga.) Banner-Herald* and campus publications.

Named an international exchange student and given a fellowship at the University of Rome, he was ready to depart for Italy when World War II broke out. Then came a job-hunting expedition that carried him by thumb through 32 states. He worked as a harvest hand, in a cat and dog hospital, as a day laborer, free lancing and what not before finally finding a journalistic niche as editor of the *Log of the Long-Bell Lumber Co.*, in Longview, Wash. He had done an excellent job of editing there before being called to the colors as a reserve officer.

cer for my organization, been in charge of the barracks heating system, Summary Court officer, and lastly, officer in charge of trichophytosis, commonly known as "toe-itch." In between time I have pounded out some publicity for Division Headquarters.

No "desk soldier" am I!

A lot of other newspapermen now on active duty with the Army as reserve officers, or as draftees, got desk jobs. I'd like one myself, not that I don't like the field duty I'm performing, but I feel I would be more valuable in such a post—leaving my job to someone less qualified for the jobs requiring previous journalistic training and experience.

DESPITE its good intentions, the Army doesn't always fit the best men in the right places, either in enlisted or commissioned posts. Perhaps it's a fault of the system, which I am not at liberty to criticize.

Some are PRO's—public relations officers—others Morale Officers, personnel adjutants, or plain administrative adjutants. The last three do not require a journalistic background, but it is usually found that one who comes up through newspaper ranks does a good job at most any task assigned. And it speaks well for the newspaper profession—which I contend it is.

Regardless of your assignment, Army experience is good for anyone. The experience in commanding men is invaluable. Beneficial to a high degree too, is the discipline one in military circles must adhere to.

We Americans are an undisciplined lot. Our attitude of "do as I damned please" is sometimes a bit too independent. Many of us resent being called, in a time of national need, to serve our country. It is reassuring to know that from the ranks of newspapermen and others in the field of journalism have come no such complaints. I know of one high-salaried managing editor who took a leave of absence to enlist in the ranks.

Patriotic reasons account for the presence of most of us in the armed forces—the same kind that moved the boys in '76, and '61—on both the Gray and the Blue sides—in '98, and a short generation ago in 1917.

THERE is and has been an outstanding need for a well-directed program of public relations by the Army. Long ago the Navy took the lead, and look where it got them! Better fed, better paid, better clothed, they have been in the public eye a great while longer than the Army.

Perhaps the Army itself was responsible, for it had no men trained in that field, stubbornly desisted from calling in outsiders, went on playing polo.

Here in these United States the public has to be constantly "sold" on an idea for it to claim their interest and support very long. We let our armed forces gradually fall from the public gaze. The War to End ALL Wars had been fought and won. But history doesn't work that way.

We need to sell our Army and our Navy to our people always, for there will always

be a need for them. The profession of arms is an honorable one, yet in peacetime soldiers are considered the scum of society. Now a draftee, or a "Selectee," as it is requested that he be termed—assumes an importance far beyond the actual.

THE press often plays up the wrong things concerning the Army.

A recent example is the Gen. Ben Lear incident with the Yoo-Hoo troops. The *Life* story on morale is another. The story won't help morale. And it misleads the public. Even the pictures the press photographers ask us to pose for often are incorrect and misleading. The picture looks good, but we just don't work in the manner described thereby.

We were laying a smoke-screen from an improvised chemical tank on one of our scout cars. Just trying it out.

"Have some men run along behind with guns drawn—a clean-up crew—like the Germans do," the photographer requested.

Well, a mechanized Cavalry unit just doesn't operate that way.

Poor writing, incorrect terms, faulty descriptions so often can be discovered in stories about the Army, especially stories on maneuvers. And they are often written by seasoned reporters. Even a couple of years R.O.T.C. in college should have given them some background! We have a manual of such terms too, which any interested newsman might easily obtain.

And when have you read anything in the newspapers concerning any troops other than National Guard Divisions?

It's the "citizen-soldiers," the boys from back home who get all the play. And

they aren't the whole army. All of our regular Army units—and they're made up of two-thirds reserves and draftees—have glorious and colorful histories behind them which would make good copy any time. And they don't have to worry too much about *Life's* morale either. Morale behind the lines exerts a powerful influence on morale of soldiers at the front.

Of course we must have our heroes, but you can't expect to make a Sgt. York of every soldier just because he comes from Podunk or 'Possum Trot. In any army necessarily the individual must be secondary to the group. When a man enters the Army he should lose his identity and become just a small player on a vast team, for that's all he is. He may be a hero, but he can't do it alone. The other fellows deserve some of the credit, too. It takes a good solid line as well as a dashing backfield on this team!

YES, it's fun at the "front"—even though I feel a bit nostalgic when the boys wearing green arm brassards come around to "write us up." Their caps look a bit more comfortable than my iron-bucket helmet, too!

Still, an hour of need confronts the nation in its present serious emergency. There's a job for all of us to do. I'm glad to be able to do my small bit. And, I suppose I'd be dissatisfied were I elsewhere right now.

I'll have to cut this off here—the "Reds" are coming, and this "iron horse" is out of gas!

Never attempt to convince a doughboy flourishing a bayonet at close range the pen is more powerful than the sword!

'The Truth Shall Make You Free'

By DANIEL L. MARSH

President, Boston University

THE general dissemination of truthful news is fundamental to the functioning of democracy. In a democracy, the people are the rulers. That elementary truth is in need of constant repetition. The people cannot act wisely without accurate knowledge. They cannot arrive at the right determination of their course in respect to happenings without free discussion.

The discussion that formerly was carried on in the general store or the town meeting has in these latter days, for the most part, been transferred to the printed page. The people have both the right and the correlative duty of discussion, for in a democracy the government officials are servants of the people.

Therefore, the people must be free to discuss the work of these officials, to criticize it, to find fault with it, to tell the officials what to do, and to dismiss them if they do not do it.

That is the reason for the protection of the fundamental freedoms guaranteed by the Bill of Rights in the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

The founders of our Republic were wise in putting into the Constitution this protection of freedom of speech, press, religion and conscience. They knew enough history to know that the perversion of rights is easy of accomplishment. It must never be forgotten that when civil liberties are lost to any people, they are lost by what appear to be due processes of governmental action.

If You're a Foreign Correspondent Today, You Can Bet



Robert Okin

You Don't Have Time To Get Bored!

By ROBERT OKIN

Toward the end of my job it bothered me less and I was able to watch dispassionately the newcomers, fresh from the States, who worked themselves into frenzies of bad French or Spanish or good English over some Cretin with a blue pencil.

Even so, much as I tried to cultivate mental callouses—to save wear and tear on the nerves—I kept getting into arguments. The only thing that saved my self-respect was watching colleagues who have been in the business for 20 years doing the same thing.

Occasionally you find an intelligent censor—but if you do he usually is subordinate to some suspicious or ignorant official who gives him no leeway. There is no such thing as a “good” censorship to a newspaperman but some are more bearable than others.

Transmission difficulties are the second major headache in Europe. Not only do you have to plug to get a story, to write it and to shepherd it through the censor, but you also have to fool around with telephones, functionaries, radio and telegraph operators before you finally can relax.

Most of the American copy in Europe now moves by wireless. But atmospheric conditions or breakdowns frequently

hold up copy—and sometimes no one bothers to tell you. On important stories you have to interrupt your writing regularly to find out if the operators have received New York's okay.

With telephone calls heavily censored and usually discouraged by the government it is a constant fight with operators to get any long distance phone call made. Any change in personnel of operators or censors means making arrangements all over again—and that usually happens when you are up to your neck in an important story.

NEWSPAPER enemy number three in all Europe is the lack of information, lack of initiative and lack of willingness to take responsibility by all civil, military and police functionaries.

Life, let alone work, is so bound up with endless restrictions, regulations, laws, decrees, and general official cussedness that just keeping yourself up to date on the bits of paper and cardboard that permits you to exist is a job in itself. To get permission to travel or to get information outside of the usual sources or to do most of the other things that an American takes for granted, requires hour after hour of sitting in waiting rooms, in-

[Concluded on page 9]

EUROPE is no longer the gay and gemütlich goal of every reporter's dreams—but if you're not too insistent on being comfortable it's still one of the most interesting and often most exciting assignments in the world.

Time was when you couldn't beat it as a job. Before the war it was interesting, too; your American dollars usually bought more than they did at home; you usually moved around and there was the added spice of discovering a new country, a new language and a different way of living. You had plenty of routine, then as now, but after hours there was a lot to see and do.

With the war, and even now in those countries where the war has just washed on, the job abroad gains in thrills and loses in monotony.

But you have to sacrifice a lot of things—easier to some than to others. Nowadays in practically all parts of Europe you have to get used to eating not what you want but what you can get. (Actually you'd be surprised how you adjust yourself to liking what you would spurn at home). But if your office at home understands and allows for extra expenses you can eat at least adequately in practically any part of Europe.

You have to get used to being away from your family perhaps for years at a stretch, you have to get used to cold and lack of proper clothing, to discomfort when you travel. But most of all—and it really looms terribly large—you have to get used to censorship and the maddening idiosyncracies of European bureaucrats.

CENSORSHIP alone is a study in itself and I can't hope to unburden myself here of four years of accumulated bile against censors and the censorship mentality.

THESE interesting sidelights on the lot of a foreign correspondent in war-torn Europe were penned for *The Quill* by Robert Okin, who recently returned to the United States after four years in Spain, England, Belgium and France as a staff reporter for the Associated Press.

After covering the explosion of the German airship Hindenburg at Lakehurst in 1937, he went to Spain, arriving in the middle of the strife there. He covered the war from Valencia, Madrid and Barcelona, where he had a preview of the bombing of cities. He also covered the rapidly receding republican front in the Catalan campaign, and was in Valencia when it collapsed.

Mr. Okin was in London when war was declared and 15 days later went to Brussels where he waited for the Germans to attack. In Paris, he caught the one bad bombing a block from some of the hits. He remained in Paris for the occupation and, the night before the German troops marched in, was arrested with Roy Porter, also of the AP staff, by German advance guards a few miles north of the city. He was released in time to see the Germans enter the city. Four months later he was transferred to Vichy, remaining as correspondent there until his recent return to the United States on vacation.

Speaking of Public Service

SINCE 1933, a major activity of mine has been the running of a big lecture course. I engage professional speakers, and present them to the public at moderate prices. Aside from the fun of it, I recommend such a course to every QUILL reader—

As a way for a newspaper to enrich the cultural life of its community.

As a way for a newspaper to back up its travel advertising, and the advertising of local banks that feature "Save for your next vacation" clubs.

As a way for a town to earn money for its community fund, its library system, college scholarships, or other worthwhile causes.

As a way for a Sigma Delta Chi chapter to earn the money to send its delegates to convention, and for other purposes.

As a way for an individual to serve his community, and be adequately compensated for it.

THE formula for running a lecture course is simple. You decide what kind of course you intend to run, and the number of shows you'll start with. You choose your dates. You engage your auditorium, buy your speakers from lecture managers. You print tickets, and circulars describing what you have to offer. Then, four to six weeks ahead of your first performance, you mail out your circulars and start newspaper and other promotion.

A newspaper is ideally situated to run such a course. It can sell tickets over its business counter, promote in its news columns. A Sigma Delta Chi chapter, teaming with a college newspaper, is just as fortunate.

My *World Adventure Series*, founded eight years ago, is now a major league operation. Currently it puts on about 40 lectures a year. It grew rapidly and, from a standpoint of paid admissions, became the largest course of its kind in the world. It is organized as a non-profit educational corporation. It aims to put on high grade educational lectures at the lowest possible cost consistent with self-support, and to publicize and promote the work of Detroit's civic museum of art. (To me, the story of what the *World Adventure Series* has done for the Detroit Institute of Arts is big and important, but this isn't the place to tell it.)

The *World Adventure Series* started small, with no capital and a course of only six lectures, and that's the best way to do it—learning the ropes, studying your public—unless you have plenty of money, and can afford to make mistakes and pay for them.

The *World Adventure Series* was started during the depths of the last depression, with banks closed. I got my printing and supplies on my personal credit. We started without a penny of backing, and we accumulated our own working capital. I

Why Not Operate a Lecture Course for Your Community or Campus?

By GEORGE F. PIERROT

am confident that anyone with a reasonable talent for promotion, willingness to work hard, and a moderately presentable I.Q., can build a successful course. And I'll guarantee he'll find the project exciting, worthwhile, and productive of scores of stimulating and worthwhile new friendships.

THE first step will cost you \$2. Remit that sum to James B. Pond, editor of *Program Magazine*, 2 West 45th Street, New York City. Ask him to send you a year's back copies of his magazine, and to enter your subscription at a dollar a year.

Program is the one indispensable handbook of the lecture profession; moreover, it's the sprightliest, most readable "trade" magazine in existence. By the time you've gone through a year's issues you'll be on fire with enthusiasm. You'll know all about the leading lecture bureaus, the best speaking talent, and a thousand other useful things. And you'll be ready to decide what kind of program you want to present.

Personally, I recommend the *World Adventure Series* type of program. We specialize in travel, exploration, geography, natural history and science. Our lectures are always illustrated with motion pictures. This sort of course is thoroughly educational and worthwhile, as well as entertaining, and the motion pictures make a lasting impression.

You can take your audiences all over

the world, showing them a hundred countries—their agriculture, cities, housing and industries, their schools, their natural resources, their political and cultural leaders. After the lecture and pictures are over, turn your audience loose on your speaker for 15 minutes of question and answer.

You'll find such a course likely to appeal to people of all ages and interests. And you'll find an immense selection of excellent and reasonably priced attractions in this field. But there are many other fields, too, as you'll discover in *Program*. Current events and foreign affairs, for example. Or maybe you'll prefer a mixed course, with drama and music included.

HOW many lectures shall you run? I'd suggest six to start with, in November and December. Then, if public response has been good—and it should be, if you do the right sort of job—you can present another six in January and February. Later you'll probably want to expand to 20 or so.

First pick your day of the week. Our regular meeting time is at 3:30 Sunday afternoon, which is convenient for the whole family. Moreover, in case of a sell-out, it permits the repeating of the speaker the same evening. We find Tuesday evening a good time, too. A few inquiries will guide you in choosing your meeting time.

Next, engage your auditorium. Get the best one you can, and—if you want to go in for them—of a shape suitable for mo-

HERE is an unique plan, complete to minute detail, for a public service project that might be undertaken for a community by its newspaper or by a chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, for its particular campus. It links service with education and entertainment and, if properly conducted, should earn prestige and profit for the sponsor.

It is very appropriate that such a proposal should come from George F. Pierrot since, as a writer, editor and director of one of the country's most successful lecture courses, he always has been interested in linking journalism, education and entertainment.

A graduate of the University of Washington, he has been a world traveler; the author of books, articles and stories; editor of the *American Boy-Youth's Companion* and now directs the *World Adventure Series*, a lecture course which he founded, in Detroit. Mr. Pierrot, a past president of Sigma Delta Chi, has always been interested in young people and their problems, particularly those seeking careers in journalism.

Projects —

tion pictures. Perhaps you'll use a movie theater, or a school auditorium, or a church. You have a right to expect an at-cost rental figure, to start with. Most auditorium managers will be delighted to cooperate, on the chance of future profitable business.

Then, pick your speakers. *Program* will have given you many reliable leads. Write lecture bureaus for circulars about speakers that interest you, and ask them to send a salesman to see you. You'll find these salesmen both well informed and eager to help you succeed. Circulars generally list places where speakers have appeared before; and it's well to write some of these, and check up. Pick speakers carefully, because you'll stand or fall by the quality of your program.

BY this time you should have enough information to let you make up your budget. I'm going to set down a tentative one, for your guidance. You'll vary it, of course, according to your local situation. For example, you might be able to get your auditorium free.

Biggest item will be your speakers' fees. Lecture bureaus, to help you get started, should cooperate to let you have six first-class attractions at an average of not more than \$150, or \$900 for the course. Let's say you find a good auditorium, seating 1,000, for \$60 per use, or \$360. Twenty-five dollars should take care of the rental of projection equipment, the services of a professional projectionist, ushers, and a professional ticket seller in the box office. That's another \$150. The size of your mailing list I can't guess at, but let's say you spend \$90, all told, for printed or mimeographed announcements, envelopes, addressing, second-class postage. Then we'll put down \$50 a show, or \$300 in all, as general expense, to cover ticket printing, telephone, stenography and miscellaneous.

So you're going to spend \$300 a lecture, or \$1,800 in all. Now let's look at prospective revenue. (I'm going to assume you'll operate on a non-profit basis, and hence be exempt from the 10 per cent Federal amusement tax on tickets.)

Your auditorium, let's say, seats 1,000—750 on the main floor and 250 in the balcony. First, you must "scale" your house—grade your seats according to their desirability, and decide on ticket prices. Let's say you charge 75c for single tickets on the main floor, and 50c for the balcony. That, approximately, is our *World Adventure Series* scale; we also sell 50 reserved seats in the orchestra pit, at 50c, and another 75 standing room tickets, at 50c.

NOW for your season ticket price. Obviously, if you can induce people to buy tickets for all six shows at one time, your promotion and selling expense will be substantially lowered. So you'll plan to sell six 75c tickets for \$3.75, and six 50c tickets for \$2.50.

If you sell out your entire house at these prices, you'll get 750 times \$3.75, or \$2,812.50, for your main floor, and 250 times \$2.50 for your balcony, or \$625.00. That gives you a possible grand total of \$3,437.50, plus whatever you take in for standing room. But the chances are you'll sell some season tickets and some individual tickets, which arrangement will increase your revenue.

If, for example, you sell out half your house at season ticket prices and the other half at the full individual ticket price, you'd have a total of \$3,781.25, or roughly twice your expenses. In any case you've ample allowance for loss of revenue due to unsold tickets. But with proper promotion such a short course as this should sell out, if you pick good speakers and subjects.

Last winter we tried an experimental short course on five consecutive Tuesday evenings. We reasoned that, with Europe and Asia cut off, thousands of tourists would be looking for vacation spots nearer home. So we put on a "stay out of the war zone" motion picture course to help tourists plan safe vacations. We featured Mexico; the American Southwest; California; Alaska and the Pacific Northwest; and South America.

We charged 50c and 75c for individual tickets, \$3.00 and \$2.00 for season tickets. We sold everything, including orchestra pit and standing room, for all five lectures. For our opening lecture, on Mexico, we turned away 2,000, and later brought it back on a Sunday afternoon and evening, selling 2,000 individual tickets. People even reserved standing room, days ahead of time.

Our gross profit on this special series was about \$2,500. So, as I say, a good short course, well promoted, ought to sell out. This year we're running two special six-lecture travel courses, and our season ticket prices will be \$2.50 and \$3.75.

YOU should easily be able to keep within the budget I've outlined. Perhaps you can get a school auditorium free. If your local newspaper and radio station will back you with lots of publicity, an announcement printed or mimeographed on a penny postcard will be enough. Maybe your local camera shop will furnish professional projection. Perhaps some centrally located store will sell tickets for you without charge, just to build good will.

If you meet on Sunday afternoons, and it becomes evident well in advance that your speaker will sell out, it might be worth while to repeat him in the evening. In that case your profit margin will be much higher, for you'll sell only individual tickets at full prices, and your speaker's fee, for a second show on the same day, will be less than half its initial figure. Better have a couple of undated sets of tickets in reserve for such an emergency. Then date them yourself, with a rubber stamp. It's these extra shows, not subject to season ticket reductions, that pile up our *World Adventure Series* surpluses.

Only a few printers can turn out reserved seat tickets at a reasonable price,



George F. Pierrot

because such tickets, being individually numbered, require specialized equipment. We've been well satisfied with Ansell-Simplex in Chicago.

They'll bind your six tickets in a little book, with the season ticket price on its cover, but with the six tickets bearing the individual ticket prices. Then after the first lecture is over, tear the tickets out of the remaining books and sell them individually. In fact, it's our practice to have one-half our tickets delivered loose and outside the books, to take care of individual ticket orders as they come in. The best one-half of the house is reserved for season ticket buyers.

It's easier to sell season tickets only, up to the opening show, but on the other hand, we make more money on individual tickets, so we don't mind the bother. Better write the Ansell-Simplex Company, Chicago, and ask for sample season ticket books and prices.

HOW should you promote the course? Well, if "you" are a newspaper, your own editorial columns will be sufficient, and you probably won't even need announcements. But if "you" are an individual, or a society or club, get as much publicity as you can in newspapers and radio stations.

Lecture bureaus will furnish, without extra charge, a thousand or so of "give-aways"—circulars describing the speaker and his lecture. You can distribute these, perhaps with local data, such as time and place of the lecture, imprinted or done by yourself with a rubber stamp.

Make two-minute talks to luncheon clubs and other groups. Form committees, whose members will telephone people. Ask schools and libraries to help. If you see that everybody knows about your course, attendance should take care of itself. If you ask your audience to write names and addresses on slips of paper, and give them to an usher, you'll

[Concluded on page 19]

What Do Your Readers Think?



Harold H. Smith

THE things people do in the small community have been considered news since the first printing press was brought into this country.

Always it is what people do that seems to make news—and we wish to goodness they would do something different for a change—even though the change is nothing more than doing their old stunts in a new routine. What, besides people's doings, can we write about in the country field?

Most of us have to swallow pretty hard to keep on reporting all the unimportant goings-on of our people. We do our best, however, with what we think we have to work with, and we try to make our stuff sound interesting and important—if it is nothing more than the weekly meeting of Mrs. Brown and the sewing circle.

But how often do we in the country field long for something more interesting and vital to call news?

SINCE all of us are agreed that it is of value to report the more or less unimportant things people are doing in order to print names, why is it not also important to report what people are thinking?

We want names. We want to print something the whole country has not heard. What the world does tomorrow is the result of the thinking which people are doing today. Report what people are thinking and you are one up on the rest of the profession which awaits for blitzkriegs to happen before they become news. If news is something people want to read about, people's thoughts and dreams and aspirations are news.

Our paper is demonstrating, if feebly, our conviction that people are not only interested in what their friends are doing but are even more interested in what their

Find Out—Then You'll Have An Exclusive Local Feature

By HAROLD H. SMITH

friends are thinking on local, state, national and world-wide topics.

People in the small towns have torn down their walls of provincialism. If they haven't, it is up to the newspaper to inaugurate a barrage and do the job itself. For the most part, the smaller communities today are concerned about the world beyond their city limits, and their own newspaper, weekly or daily, should lead the thinking of the community.

If a single citizen takes no newspaper save that in his own community, he should know that a war is on in Europe, that his own country is not as secure as it once was, and that Mr. Roosevelt is fishing again. What the people of our community feel on these issues is considered important by our newspaper and is passed along to our readers.

WE polled our people on the presidential issue and were able to report that the community probably would go Republican—and it did, though it was immaterial to us.

It made an interesting story on what our people were thinking, and it gave those who thought out loud a feeling of pride that they had used their American birthright to think and express their thoughts.

We interviewed our merchants on

President Roosevelt's report on the state of the union, and the results of the story gave us more evidence to prove our premise that the newspaper overlooks a fertile field when it fails to report the thoughts, hopes, aspirations and hobbies of its readers.

To report to the public what a man thinks on a big issue gives him a feeling of importance for which, unconsciously probably, he will be ever grateful to your newspaper. A newspaper bolsters a man, makes him believe he counts, when it asks him for an opinion and considers that opinion of enough value to give it space.

The newspaper should serve as the community physician that keeps ideas alive. Many an idea that might have moved mountains or prevented disaster has been born only to die before it grew beyond the critical state of infancy. The newspaper should be alert to the opportunity of nursing newborn ideas and keep them alive until their value is tested and they are able to live by their own strength.

Ideas, as human beings, are all too often still-born never to breathe beyond their conception in the mind of some meek soul who refrains from uttering an ambition until some enterprising reporter is there to blast for it.

WHAT wide-awake editor or publisher isn't looking for some exclusive feature to brighten his pages, particularly when that feature will not cost anything and will ring in a lot of names? Harold H. Smith, editor of the Keith County News, of Ogallala, Nebr., describes such a feature in the accompanying article—a local public opinion poll.

Editor Smith was graduated from the University of Kansas in 1927. He spent that summer in Europe and the next year looking for a metropolitan newspaper job. Then, deciding that he was cut on the same pattern as his mother and father, who had been country newspaper people all their lives, he became publisher of the Julesburg (Colo.) Grit-Advocate. After seven years, he moved on to the Fort Morgan (Colo.) Herald, his younger brother, Don, taking over the Grit-Advocate, which he still publishes.

Mr. Smith sold the Herald after two years and went into public relations work in Denver. In 1939 he bought a half interest in and became editor of the Keith County News. He was president of the Colorado Press Association in 1937. Both he and his brothers are members of the Kansas chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity.

OUR readers, we believe, consider a most interesting feature of our paper to be a column on page one reporting the mental phase of community life—what the people are thinking, or at least what they think they are thinking.

We find that when we report on the workings of the human mind, we are not going to be scooped by the village gossips before the paper comes out. What we print in our "Just Folks" is always news to about 98 per cent of our readers who may have known what happened that week in the community but who did not know what their neighbors *thought* on many an issue.

Most other departments of our paper, with the exception of editorials and personal columns, cannot present a great deal of first-hand news to our readers. The so-called biggest story we ever print is too often old stuff before our people read about it Thursday night or thereafter.

That is why we devised the department in which the mind of our people is news. And it is first in the hearts of many of our readers.

The country weekly has a difficult job trying to entertain its readers—and we maintain that entertainment is our job and that, like the movies, entertainment comes in drama, tragedy and comedy as well as the cold facts of everyday life which are difficult to classify.

Entertainment cannot come consistently from the reports of the casual experiences of individuals. Their experiences are generally mere habits which the community knows without reading. People will, of course, read this run-of-the-mill sort of stuff, but they do it negatively hoping to be surprised and seldom are. The surprise element should be a coveted feature of the newspaper, as it is of the short story, and when it is not there the newspaper is bound to be a disappointment.

WE don't make the news—we just report it. That is one of our oldest and weakest arguments for running dull newspapers.

We don't make the news. No, and let us face the facts. We fail to print a vital phase of the news when we overlook what people are thinking. People not only cherish their own ideas as important but like to weigh the ideas of others around them. The newspaper that recognizes this becomes a stimulus to more and better thinking in and for the community.

Since we have begun to dig for it, we are finding some of the most interesting developments in our community to be the dreams of our readers—even though these developments are still, and may always be, in the mental stage.

Close to Ogallala, Neb., is the second largest earthen dam in the world. For five years during construction it has been the biggest news in our community. Today the hopes and dreams our people are having for the dam and the community are making the news interesting.

One man dreamed of landscaping the downstream slope of the 160-foot, three-mile-long dam. We reported his dream and now the university hopes to make it a reality.

Someone dreamed of making a park at the dam, and the men of the community recently planted 500 trees there. A dream became a living thing. The dam itself, designed to store waste waters to irrigate thousands of acres of farm land, is an idea that lived. Someone years ago listened to it and gave it an incentive to stand up and fight for its life.

IDEAS first must be given birth, painful as it seems to be in this world. To keep the good ones alive is the job of the newspaper. And they say you can't find adventure in the country newspaper!

It would be interesting to know how many ideas have been born to blush unseen—how many finally gave up because the community doctor was too busy administering to the healthy to help keep the spark of life in the weak.

No Time to Be Bored!

[Concluded from page 5]

interviewing buck-passing underlings, writing letters, pulling strings and buying meals and drinks.

That was more or less true even before the war but it is worse now than it ever was. Defeat has not helped French officialdom and victory has not helped the Spanish or the German.

Papers requesting passes or permissions or any of the other countless human actions that require official approval have an unaccountable way of getting lost in the convolutions of red tape.

Then take travel. When you zip around in an American automobile, plane or train just consider what you are up against if you have to get somewhere in a hurry in unoccupied France, for instance.

If you have a car, you have to have gasoline ration tickets and if you haven't enough you make the rounds of colleagues trying to borrow them. Then if you have the tickets you have to get the gas. More often than not the pumps are empty and if they have any you need "special priority" which means that you have the ration tickets stamped again by the war ministry.

Then, if you have the gas, it is assumed that you have your license, your identity papers and the paper which permits you to drive after nine at night and on Sundays.

ONE automobile party of American newspapermen on a story was stopped one Wednesday night by a local policeman in a small southern town. He carefully inspected their papers until he came to the pass to "travel on Sundays and after 9 o'clock."

"You'll have to come with me," he said.

"Why?" asked the driver. "See? That paper says we can drive after nine."

"Yes, but the paper mentions Sundays and doesn't say Wednesday."

If you go by plane you need a special

Thomas Gray wondered about that, too, when he sat in the old churchyard and penned the words: "Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire; Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed."

But no sympathetic reporter happened along to unfreeze "the genial current of their souls." Men need an outlet for pent-up ideas. Let them express their noble rage before the good of it is lost forever. Don't let ideas die unexpressed in some mute, inglorious Milton.

Why miss the boat of journalistic opportunity? It is whistling for us to get aboard. Ideas today are progress tomorrow. From little ideas greater communities grow. And from the looks of the world today, civilization could do with a few ideas imprisoned in the hearts, if such there be, still pregnant with celestial fire.

authorization from the foreign office permitting foreigners to travel on French planes and if you go by train you stand jammed in the aisles of the few trains which still are permitted to operate.

When you arrive at your destination the chances are about even that all the hotels are full of refugees from the occupied zone and you begin the long search for a hotel room.

One group of Americans finally found the ideal solution in Montpellier. They hired rooms in the local hospital for the night and not only slept well but had butter with their breakfast bread.

If all these means are not available—and don't forget taxis are rare (in Lyon, for example, they won't take you unless you have baggage)—you can use your bicycle. And bicycling is no laughing matter in Europe these days. Plenty of newspapermen are getting around town on them and glad to have them.

THOSE are a few of the bad spots in some countries in Europe. It doesn't take in the two major war posts of London and Berlin which I haven't seen. But from what I have seen, I still think it's better than the average run of jobs at home.

For one thing, there's a better chance of working on important news in Europe right now than there is in most of the jobs at home. You never lose the feeling that you are seeing the most significant events of your time at firsthand—events that men will write and argue about for many years to come.

Sometimes, when the bombs or the shells come too close, you wonder just what the hell you are doing here instead of holding down a nice safe job on the Canarsie Herald copy desk.

But after it's over, and your story is safely tucked away, and you are having a drink with some of your colleagues and planning tomorrow's trip—you know what you are doing there.



An All-Out Defense Against Housecleaning!



Talking to the Folks Back Home.



What Do They Mean—WE?

You Can't Draw On Face Value

RAY EVANS, Columbus *Dispatch* cartoonist, is one of those rare persons who nearly always knew what he wanted to be. When he was 7, he was interested in drawing. By the time he was in high school he was bent on cartooning. Ever since then he has kept his eye on the main objective and for 30 years his work has appeared in some of America's best known newspapers and periodicals.

In the interim, he has done hundreds of cartoons, made several thousand personality sketches, worked for Publishers James M. Cox, Frank Munsey, Robert F. and H. P. Wolfe, did political cartoons for *Puck* when Nathan Straus Jr., now head of the H.O.L.C., was editor, covered eight national political conventions down to 1936, and mixed with the great, the near great and the small. And with it all he has kept his modesty and his sanity.

It wasn't nearly as simple as all that. It took time and there was no short cut. Evans almost lived with a sketch pad in hand. He was forever studying and learning, and still is. He sketched what he saw from his back window as a boy; he took drawing lessons in the public schools; he had fine arts courses in college, along with plenty of English; his work found a place in his high school and college publications; he attended art school, and he watched closely the work of such master cartoonists as John T. McCutcheon, Billy Ireland and Hal Donahey. As a boy, he kept a scrapbook of cartoons, especially those of McCutcheon and Ireland.

There were two early mentors to whom he feels forever indebted. One was Miss Eleanor Skinner, now retired, long a teacher in the Columbus schools. The other was his long-time friend and idol, the late William A. Ireland, for many years with the *Dispatch*.

He counts it fortunate that he fell into the understanding hands of Miss Skinner. As early as the first and second grades, she took him under her wing. She knew

So Ray Evans, Noted for Fine Sketches and Cartoons, Searches His Subjects for Truth

By JAMES E. POLLARD

drawing, she had the knack of bringing out the best in others and she took a special interest in the boy. Their paths crossed twice more, in the fifth and sixth grades, and in high school.

Evans cites Miss Skinner as an example of the best type of public school teacher. As he puts it, she taught him the principles of structure and she kept him going by her interest and encouragement. Years later he had an opportunity to test the quality of her teaching and found it basically sound.

It was Ireland, however, who gave him his real start. Evans really broke into cartooning following his graduation from Ohio State University in 1911 by doing errands for Ireland. The pay, incidentally, was \$6 a week. (He considered taking a

job teaching high school English in West Virginia, but his college sweetheart—later Mrs. Evans—urged him to go on trying to be a cartoonist. "Have been trying ever since," he says.)

As Evans describes it, he made himself an office pest so he could watch Ireland at work. Ireland, who had come to Columbus a decade earlier from his native Chillicothe, was the youth's inspiration long before he became his close friend and unconscious tutor.

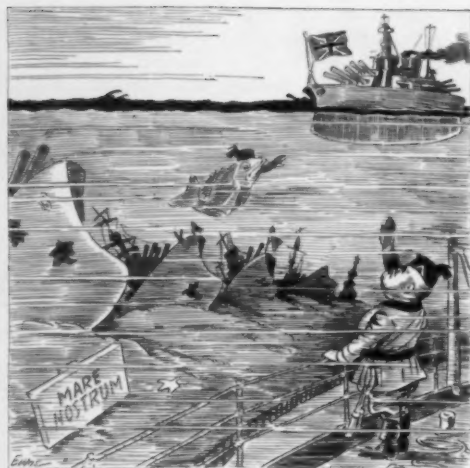
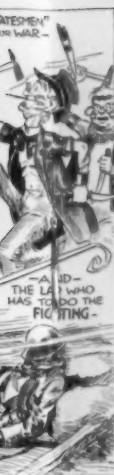
Years later, following Evans' return to the *Dispatch* staff as assistant cartoonist, I once remarked to Ireland how much Evans' work at times reflected the Ireland influence. To which the older cartoonist's comment was, "For God's sake, don't say that!"

Evans' first close association with Ireland lasted nine months. He then became a *Dispatch* advertising artist for a like period. A nine-month stretch with the *Dayton News* followed. (Evans calls

FOR more than 30 years Ray Evans has been producing sketches and cartoons for American newspapers and magazines. During that time he has become known far and wide as one of the country's most outstanding newspaper artists. This article, written by one who knows the artist and the man as few others do, shows why.

James E. Pollard, head of the School of Journalism at the Ohio State University, has made his imprint on journalism in many ways. He did active newspaper work following his graduation from O. S. U. on the Canton Repository, the Associated Press, and the Ohio State Journal. He was director of the University News Bureau for 10 years, has written two journalism texts, many articles and studies, and has served as an officer and committee member of numerous journalistic organizations.

Prof. Pollard became acting director of the Ohio State School of Journalism in 1934, its head in 1937. He has been a frequent contributor to *The Quill*.



The Admiral Reviews His Fleet.

lues Alone—

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these periods of incubation.) In Dayton, he was cartoonist and general staff artist. His agreement called for only one cartoon a week, but he wanted to do six. Even though they weren't used, he did others for his own satisfaction.

A cartoon he drew on the death of Wilbur Wright, a native of Dayton, gave Evans his first big break. It was widely copied and led to a call from the *Baltimore American*, whose cartoonist he was from 1912 to 1921. He spent a final year in that city as sketch artist for *Munsey's Baltimore News* and in 1922 was called back to Columbus where he has been with the *Dispatch* ever since.

Even though he had "arrived" as a cartoonist, Evans strove constantly for improvement. In Baltimore he attended the Maryland Institute. Later reversing the picture, he was instructor of cartooning there in 1921. This, he explains succinctly, "Was a very enlightening experience."

EVANS greatly prefers cartooning to sketching, but there are those who feel that he does personality sketches even better than cartoons.

In a way, these are a product of his Baltimore days where sketching was a regular assignment. Those were the years when woman suffrage reached its peak and the prohibition movement its height. With sketch pad and pencil, Evans went to meeting after meeting. He turned up in all sorts of places: circuses, theaters, courtrooms, and did a series that took in 40 Baltimore churches. Though he would rather do cartoons today, Evans realizes the value of the sketches in bringing out the character of the subject. As he puts it, "Every sketch is an interview."

The cartoonist himself belittles the idea, but the fact remains he is a student of human nature and of events. He is deeply interested in people. Being as honest as he is modest, he tries to draw people at their true values.

This doubtless explains why he would rather not sketch people he doesn't like personally. "As an artist," he explains, "I have no interest in just making a topographic map of a person's face. I like to try to tell the truth and thereby avoid both flattery and the pillory."

In making sketches, Evans has had all sorts of experiences. Some were amusing, some exasperating and some insulting. Out of it all, however,

he has emerged with faith in human nature and the average man. "A newspaperman goes one way or the other," he believes. "He either turns cynical and it hurts him or he gets to like people as I do. This keeps me going."

THE most interesting woman he ever sketched, Evans says, was Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross, one-time governor of Wyoming and later director of the U. S. Mint.

At a national convention in Chicago, her secretary told Evans that Mrs. Ross was so busy with an address she was dictating she couldn't see anyone. On his plea that all he wanted was to sit in the window on the far side of the room out of earshot and draw, he was admitted. Before the sketch was over, Mrs. Ross even tried out portions of her speech on him and asked his advice on her choice of words.

Among the male notables he has sketched from life, he places William Jennings Bryan and the late Senators Borah and McAdoo in the top rank. Bryan was greatly flattered. The artist found Borah, of whom he stood in some awe,

"most courteous and considerate." McAdoo was accommodating but, when the sketch was done, wanted his nose made smaller.

Huey Long slammed his hotel room door in Evans' face in Chicago in 1932 and refused to be sketched. Evans retreated but that night, feeling that the incident was unfinished, he tried again. "Senator," he told the pugnacious Huey, "I'm the fellow in whose face you slammed the door this afternoon." The resulting conversation, Evans recalls, was pleasant. Long invited him into his room and urged him to use his headquarters whenever the cartoonist felt tired. The explanation for Long's earlier attitude, it developed, was that he once had a fist fight with a reporter who knocked him down. As a result, he was somewhat "allergic" to interviews and news pictures at times.

Bobby Jones, the "grand slam" golfer, presented a different problem. He was agreeable to the sketch but wanted Evans to hurry. The artist, partly from intuition, partly from close study of human-kind and partly from experience, had learned how to use applied psychology.

Ray
Evans

With it he beat Bobby at his own game. "Listen here, Bobby Jones," he admonished when the golfer again urged him to hurry, "when you're making a putt, you take all the damn time you want, don't you? Well, this is my putt." Jones' reply was a laugh and, "Okay, go ahead."

"YOU have to be the boss of the interview," Evans believes. "Sometimes you have to kid along with them or you can easily be cheated out of a sketch."

Even this method can be fruitless or, more rarely, the artist is not only "brushed off" but insulted in the bargain. For example, one so-called "big shot" flatly declined to be sketched. "One of you newspaper birds," he growled, "sketched me a year ago and made me look like the devil." Perhaps the portrait was truer than the subject realized.

Another time, at a national convention, Evans was made the butt of some ridicule but ended holding the upper hand. His intended subject was not interested in being sketched and his satellites joined forces to put the artist in his place. They were in high spirits and Evans was a handy victim. They made fun of his "ice-cream" suit. He took it in good humor, stood his ground and turned the tables when a very bald member of the party started in on Evans' hat. The artist laughed with the others but when he remarked, "At least, I don't have to wear a hat for I still have plenty of hair," the laugh was on his tormentor and from then on the sketch was easy.

Despite his fondness for folks, Evans testifies that the most interesting subject he has sketched was old Annie, the Ringling Brothers' giraffe, and her baby. Annie, who was used to posing for photographers, stood for half an hour, looking in one direction.

GENERALLY it takes an hour to make a straight sketch, he explains, and sometimes he has to go back. Again, a catch-as-catch-can sketch can be done in a pinch in 15 minutes. By contrast a cartoon can be turned out in two hours after the idea has hatched but it may take as long as six hours. "That's one reason," he emphasizes, "why a cartoonist couldn't belong to a union."

And there's much more to cartooning than a knack for drawing and a knowledge of humankind. It takes continual reading so as to understand events and to get at the facts. The cartoonist with a serious purpose, he testifies, must also be familiar with magazines carrying special articles on events in the news. "You have to do it to keep going," he says simply.

To these qualifications, Evans adds one more: training in English. It adds to the artist's expressiveness, he contends, "and is of as great value as training in actual draftsmanship."

As to his best cartoon, Evans shied away from the question with the comment, "Well, they all look like cold pancakes the next day."

Pressed for a less modest answer, he cited a World War I cartoon, entitled



James E. Pollard

"Bringing the War Home to Us," as one that readers seemed to like. It depicted an eagle carrying an American doughboy in a flag across the ocean.

Billy Ireland, dead these five years, is still Evans' favorite cartoonist. Of the older generation he still thinks highly, too, of John T. McCutcheon, of the *Chicago Tribune*. And of those who are a bit younger, he figures it "a close race" between J. N. Darling, of the *Des Moines Register and Tribune*, and Herbert Johnson, of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

DESPITE the evil times, Evans still has hopes for the future. But those hopes are pinned on the younger generation and those to come. The cartoonist would be the last to make it personal but perhaps his optimism grows out of the promise in the younger Evans generation.

For Ray, Jr., is also an artist and Pat, 17, is a high school senior who has a good deal of ability in the arts, too. Ray, Jr., showed promise in English while in college and it was thought he might turn to writing of some sort. But he wound up as an artist with the American Education Press, in Columbus, for which his father also has done illustrating. For several years the latter also drew the illustrations for Harry O'Brien's "Diary of a Plain Dirt Gardener" in *Better Homes & Gardens*.

A syndicate man who knows both remarked that he "liked Ray's work better than the old man's." When the comment got back to Evans senior, it pleased him no end. "That's the way it should be," he insists, "for after all life is a relay and those who come after us should be better men than we were." And there you have much of his philosophy.

Evans pere has a good sense of humor but, unlike his beloved Billy Ireland, his humor rarely extends to his cartoons. As he puts it, "I'm not noted for funny ones."

LETTERS from *Dispatch* readers tell how he stands with them. Take a recent

cartoon on the present war theme, for example. Under the title, "What Do They Mean—We?" it showed a painted older "brave" beating the tom-tom and shouting, "We ought to get in right now!" with a supporting cast of "Our 'Elder Statesmen' who whoop for war," and alone down below the broken figure of a young soldier as "the lad who has to do the fighting."

On the strength of it an ex-Rainbow Division man wrote from the Dayton, O., Veterans' Hospital, calling for "red, white and blue orchids to Ray Evans for his cartoon. He could not have expressed the sentiment of the real American any better." In the same issue, the father of two sons from Newark, O., also warmly indorsed it and urged Evans to "keep up the good work."

Evans is a long-time intimate of Willard M. Kiplinger, head of the Kiplinger Washington Agency and author of the well-known Kiplinger Washington Letters. The two were students at Ohio State together and for 30 years have carried on a long range debate that has stood every conceivable test and covered countless subjects. They are still friends.

The artist is also one in a long line of notable Ohio cartoonists. Curiously, Ireland, Evans and Harry Westerman, of the *Ohio State Journal*, now retired, and Harry Keys, formerly of the *Citizen* but with the *Dispatch* since Ireland's death, were not only contemporaries but practically all native to Columbus. With the cartoon as their medium they have proved again and again the truth of that ancient Chinese saying that a picture is worth ten thousand words.

Sorry!

Through an error in making up, the University of Nebraska was deprived of representation in the listing of Sigma Delta Chi scholarship awards.

The Nebraska winners were: Emory P. Burnett, Kennebec, S. D.; Marion L. Wilke (Mrs. William Berger), Omaha, Neb., and John D. Ferguson, Lincoln, Neb.

SDX Short Takes

The Stanford University of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, has an annual four-page publication, the *Screamline*, devoted to news of the chapter and its undergraduate and professional members. The 1941 issue, of which Herman Silverman and Harold Shafer were co-editors, was filled to the brim with news and pictures.

WAYNE GARD (Grinnell Professional), an editorial writer of the *Dallas Morning News* and a past president of the Dallas professional chapter, won the \$200 first prize in a nationwide editorial competition sponsored recently by the National Defense Alliance.

DON DENNIS (Minnesota '41) is managing editor of *Midwest Municipal Utilities*, published bimonthly by the Kansas Association of Municipal Utilities at McPherson, Kan.

SDX's New Orleans Convention Plans Drawn

**Fraternity to Meet
Nov. 12-16 for First
Time in Old South**

**Professional Program and
Entertainment Galore
Awaits Delegates**

NEW ORLEANS is calling!

The twenty-sixth national convention of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, will be held Nov. 12-16, 1941, at the Roosevelt Hotel, in one of the most unique cities of America—New Orleans.

For the first time in its history, the largest professional journalistic organization in America will hold its national meeting in the deep South. Professional enlightenment, opportunities to make valuable and interesting acquaintances, will be combined with entertaining "side trips" into the romantic past.

New Orleans has retained the beauty, color and atmosphere of a glorious by-gone era.

THE 1941 convention of Sigma Delta Chi will have as hosts the undergraduate chapter of Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge and the professional members of New Orleans.

Professional talks and discussions by some of the nation's most prominent men in journalism—worthy of the attention and time of any man in the field; friendly chats and the exchange of information between men from the far corners of the country; presentation of the fraternity's distinguished service awards to renowned members of the profession; exhibits of the chapters showing many unique activities and services to journalism; planned entertainment, including a smoker, a visit to Baton Rouge to see a football game, the LSU campus, the state capitol, and historic sites; free time for your own explorations—you'll find all this wrapped up in the Sigma Delta Chi convention.

On the serious side—the professional programs of the Sigma Delta Chi conventions the past several years stand recognized as highly outstanding among meetings of journalistic organizations. Serious, brass tacks discussions of many branches of journalism; personal experiences of famous foreign correspondents, inspirational talks by distinguished editors and publishers, will be included in the program.

Registration will begin Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 12. A smoker that evening will provide an opportunity for members from all parts of the country to get acquainted. Thursday morning will include the organization of the convention, appointment of committees, addresses of welcome, and a keynote address. Thursday afternoon will be devoted to the undergraduate phase of the fraternity. Time to yourself or a tour by boat of the New Orleans harbor that evening.

THE entire day Friday, morning, noon, afternoon, and evening, will be devoted to talks and discussions by prominent

THE QUILL for September, 1941



Floyd C. Shoemaker

Mr. Shoemaker, since 1915 the secretary, librarian, custodian of collections and editor of publications for the State Historical Society of Missouri, is chairman of the committee doing such excellent work on the newest project of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity—the collection of material on and the marking of historic sites in journalism.

personages from New York, Washington, the West Coast, Midwest, and South.

Saturday morning, chartered buses will take all members registered at convention to Baton Rouge for a tour of the city and the LSU campus. Barbecue luncheon will be served in the open on the campus, and then to the football game to see two outstanding southern teams and old rivals—Louisiana State vs. Auburn. Returning immediately after the game to New Orleans, the party will attend the traditional convention banquet. Outstanding men of journalism will receive the fraternity's distinguished service awards at the banquet. Also, representatives of undergraduate chapters will receive the awards for chapter efficiency, professional achievement, and citations in the student newspaper contest.

The convention will adjourn Sunday noon following the completion of business, a service of remembrance in memory of members who have died since the last meeting, and the election and installation of new national officers.

Complete details regarding the program will be released to the trade press shortly, and will appear in the October issue of THE QUILL. Further information will be furnished by the national headquarters of the fraternity.

The Illinois Central System, official railroad for the convention, will carry a special party of delegates, national officers, and other members to New Orleans. The train will leave Chicago Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 11.

Go to the Sigma Delta Chi national convention in New Orleans, Nov. 12-16!

**Invite Nominations
for SDX's Annual
Journalism Awards**

**Oct. 18 Is Closing Date
for Submission
of Entries**

NOMINATIONS for the annual Distinguished Service Awards in Journalism made by Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, will be accepted until Oct. 18 the organization's professional awards committee announces.

Material supporting the nominations must have been written and published or broadcast during the period of Jan. 1, 1940, to June 30, 1941. The period of 18 months has been established in order to make the awards, which will be announced Nov. 15 at the fraternity's national convention in New Orleans, timely.

With the addition of two divisions, editorial cartooning and journalistic research, the awards program includes the following fields in which entries may be made:

1. General Reporting
2. Editorial Writing
3. Foreign Correspondence
4. Washington Correspondence
5. Radio Newswriting
6. Editorial Cartooning
7. Research in Journalism
8. Courage in Journalism

THE first seven awards will be made on a basis of specific examples of work done by Americans and published or broadcast in the United States during the period Jan. 1, 1940 to June 30, 1941. Nominations need not be made on any printed form, but each must be accompanied by manuscript or clipping with the name of the author, name of publication or broadcasting station, and date of publication or broadcast. No manuscripts or clippings will be returned.

The Courage in Journalism award is made to a newspaper for "an important public service rendered in the face of strong opposition from antisocial forces." Newspapers submitting entries for consideration should describe fully details concerning the service which they rendered, as well as submit printed material from its pages.

In considering material submitted for any of the awards no distinction will be made between members and non-members of Sigma Delta Chi. Awards will be made strictly upon the recommendations of the judges. Any award will be withheld in case the judges decide that none of the material submitted or otherwise brought to their attention is worthy of special recognition. Entries may be submitted by the author or any one else.

Entries, in order to receive consideration for the awards, must be submitted by Oct. 18, 1941 to:

Professional Awards Committee
of Sigma Delta Chi
Suite 1178
35 East Wacker Drive
Chicago, Illinois

Roaming the Rim, Head Hunters Found These Gems

WITH veteran Head Hunters and a group of keen-eyed recruits joining in the chase, the fall season for bagging choice specimens of fancy word-work has opened with a bang. Pick up your shears and go snipping among the columns—it's great sport!

Johnny Rose, of the Los Angeles *Examiner*, gets lead-off position this month with a collection of headlines that really sparkles. Johnny set aside a "Head Hunter Week" recently—and it may be the last Head Hunting he'll do for a while, as Uncle Sam has asked to see him about a military matter or two.

Here's the first one:

Nazi Consul Goes on 'Tear'

It appeared over a story in the *Examiner* telling how Nazi Consul Dr. Georg Gysling, in Los Angeles, was destroying his records by tearing them to bits before closing the consulate and leaving the city.

Then there was the interesting story of how the Ranees of Sarawak, Lady Sylvia Brooke, had arrived in the United States from England, by way of Canada, with just \$3 in her purse. She couldn't get money from England, she couldn't get it from Sarawak, so proceeded to do writing in New York that brought her sufficient funds to journey on to Los Angeles, where she continued her trip by steamer.

The head over the story was:

Next Time She'll Save Up for a Ranees Day

This head appeared over a story of Mrs. Sadelle Hoffman being granted a divorce from Charles (Think-a-Drink) Hoffman, famed magician:

Poof! Judge Makes Husband Vanish

Speaking of husbands, there was an item in the *Examiner* telling the sad

story of a gentleman visiting a married woman, estranged from her mate. There came a sharp rap on the door. "Whoops, my husband!", hissed the woman. The visitor jumped out of a second-story window and broke his ankle. And it turned out it wasn't the estranged husband after all! The head:

Whoops—Husband! But It Wasn't

Anyway, He Leaped Out of Second Story and Broke His Ankle

The disappearance of \$5,700 in cash and checks entrusted to the Santa Monica police for safe-keeping over the week-end led to several good heads, including:

Officer! Police Robbed!

\$3,200 Missing From Their Safe

and

Police Halt 'Safe-Keeping'

HERSCHEL CAPLAN, of the Amarillo (Texas) *Globe-News*, came through with a collection of fancy head-work that gives him second position. Perhaps the best was this one, from over that unusual UP story telling of the Germans sending nude women into a stream defended by Russian troops in an effort to distract the Reds:

No Nudes Are Good Nudes, Russians Find

A brief story about new coiffures for feminine defense workers was headed:

Have You Haired About New Styles for Defense?

The aluminum drive in Amarillo brought this head over one story:

If Aluminum Drive Succeeds As Expected, Sheriff Will Have Pots Before His Eyes

ZOO stories always seem to offer head writers a field day. Here are the zoo heads for the month:

From Johnny Rose, of the Los Angeles *Examiner*:

New Gnu Makes Gnu News at New Zoo—Wow!

Charlotte Conklin, of El Monte, Calif., who says *THE QUILL* is her favorite magazine, "one that I read avidly from cover to cover," found this one in the Los Angeles *Times*:

Naming New Gnu Lou or Stu Zoo Problem

Charles D. Treleven, of the Milwaukee *Journal*, sent this one:

Kangaroos and Birds Will Join 'Who's Zoo'

Gene L. Cooper, of Oklahoma City, Okla., comes through with a couple of box score headings from widely separated points. The first, from the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, appeared after

the Pelicans had lost another game in a whole string of defeats:

There'll Always Be a New Orleans

The other, in the Jonesboro (Ark.) *Tribune* was over a free-hitting, error-filled, game that ended something like 18 to 5. The sports writer apparently had had a tough time keeping up with the play-by-play for he carried:

Box Score—Or Reasonable Facsimile Thereof

THEN for some single, but choice specimens. William E. Fowler wrote this one for the Washington (Pa.) *Observer*:

Ousted Nazi Envoy Gets Chile 'Cold Shoulder'

Bob Karolevitz, of Yankton S. D., found this one in the Yankton *Press and Dakotan*:

Whirlaway on Strange Jockey at Arlington

"It appears to me," he comments, "that the jockey is going to have a tough day of it luggin' that big horse all those fur-longs!"

HERE are some heads this Head Hunter clipped recently from the Detroit *News*. They are self-explanatory, we believe:

This Captain Loves the Sea, but Also Other Loves Had he

'Soft Brawl'—Girls Mix Face-Slaps

Domestic difficulties seem to be catching for magicians these days. An item relating Mrs. Mildred Blackstone was suing Harry Blackstone, the magician, for divorce brought this head in the *News*:

Magician Asked by Wife to Vanish

Miss Margaret Evans, capable public stenographer at the Fort Shelby Hotel, Detroit, who keeps *QUILL* correspondence up to date, joins the Head Hunters this month with a head she found in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*—one that really rates top of column:

Riding in Tanks Is Hell on Flanks, and Gridiron Drill Is Given Thanks

With these, we'll chop off the head-hunting for this time. Here's asking you to get out your shears, keep 'em handy and decapitate any choice heads you see sticking their necks—we mean decks—up between the columns.

Going Into Training?

Wherever you go, whatever you do, *THE QUILL* will follow you—IF you keep the circulation department informed.

If you are going into military training for Uncle Sam, changing jobs, moving to the next state or street, make sure you promptly notify—

The QUILL

35 East Wacker Drive Chicago, Ill.



Protect Your Fraternity Name

Your Balfour contract guarantees the maintenance of official specifications and protects your fraternity name and insignia from falling into foreign hands. Guard your insignia by ordering ONLY from your official jeweler.

L. G. BALFOUR CO.
ATTLEBORO MASS.

• THE BOOK BEAT •

Short Story Survey

A BOOK OF SHORT STORIES, Edited with Introduction, Biographies, and Bibliographies by Cynthia Ann Pugh. Revised Edition. 597 pp. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.

This anthology, originally published in 1931 and now brought up to date, brings to those interested in the short story a significant survey of the development of this form of literature through the years and a superb collection of tales, 36 of them, as well.

The stories are placed in four groups by Miss Pugh, of the English Department at Ward-Belmont College. The first group, containing stories by Irving, Hawthorne, Poe, Harte, Aldrich, Stockton, Garland and Freeman, traces the important steps in the development of the American short story from its beginning to the end of the nineteenth century.

The second group, containing significant European stories selected from those countries that have shown most interest in the form, includes stories by Daudet, Maupassant, Kipling, Chekhov, Lagerlof, Lawrence, Galsworthy and others.

The two remaining groups, dating from 1908 to 1939, indicate what has been taking place in the short story realm in these United States during the twentieth century. The authors represented include Wharton, O. Henry, Steele, Glaspell, Dobie, Edmonds, Cozzens, Benet, Hemingway, Faulkner and Steinbeck, among others.

Books and Authors

H. L. Mencken has delivered to Alfred A. Knopf the manuscripts of two new books—"Newspaper Days," parts of which have been running in the *New Yorker*, and "A New Dictionary of Quotations on Historical Principles." The former is a sort of companion volume to Mr. Mencken's "Happy Days" (1940), and is devoted to light-hearted reminiscences of his early years as a newspaper reporter and editor. The period covered is from 1899 to 1906. The book will be brought out in October in a format similar to that of "Happy Days."

The dictionary of quotations is a large work, running to about 1,000,000 words. The manuscript is 3,385 pages in length, and as packed for delivery weighed 35 pounds 12 ounces. It began 25 years ago as a private collection for the editor's own use, but gradually took on larger size and scope, and in its final form is probably the most comprehensive work of the sort ever published. One of its novel features is the fact that all the quotations—about 35,000—are dated. Another is that authors' names and book titles are given in full. A third is that hundreds of authors who have never got into such collections before are liberally represented. All the more familiar quo-

THE QUILL for September, 1941

Book Bulletins

NO OTHER ROAD TO FREEDOM, by Leland Stowe. 432 pp. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York. \$3.

Here is a book we'd like to have every American read in these times of uncertainty, of disorganization and fumbling in America. Leland Stowe was a convinced isolationist when he went to Europe as a correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News* shortly after the outbreak of World War II in September, 1939. He saw what happened in Finland, Norway, Sweden and other countries caught in the main or cross currents of the Nazi lust for power. His dispatches will be a part of history. Now he pens the story of his experiences and draws conclusions from them for the future of America.

LORD BROADWAY, Variety's "Sime," by Dayton Stoddart. 385 pp. Wilfred Funk, Inc., New York. \$3.

In this story of Sime Silverman, the Lord of Broadway, Dayton Stoddart, veteran of the city room and backstage Broadway, relates in a clipped, swiftly paced style a record of the stage and its Bible—"spicy, terse, ribald, slang-spawning," word-coining Variety—as well as telling the story of Silverman's life. The result is a backstage view of America's Great White Way and its celebrities, none of whom could surpass "Sime" as story material.

LIVING HIGH, An Unconventional Biography, by June Burn. 292 pp. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, Inc., 270 Madison Ave., New York. \$2.50.

Life has been a grand adventure to June Burn—who has worked in an advertising agency, on newspapers and in magazine offices, and been a contributor to magazines on her own—and to her husband and their sons. They have homesteaded on Puget Sound, taught Eskimo children in Alaska, published their own newspaper, gathered objects for museums and done a host of other interesting things, managing to "live high on so nearly nothing at all." This book reveals how they've done it.

PATTERN OF CONQUEST, by Joseph C. Harsch. 309 pp. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. \$2.50.

Instead of emphasizing his personal experiences in the Third Reich (he covered Berlin), Joseph C. Harsch, foreign correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, presents in this timely volume a vivid picture of Germany at war. Avoiding emotionalism, he measures the weaknesses of Nazi Germany as well as the incredible strength that has carried Hitler's forces to their smashing military triumphs. He also presents the world pattern which the Germans will seek to create if they emerge the final victors. It should be required reading, particularly for isolationists.

SODOM BY THE SEA, An Affectionate History of Coney Island, by Oliver Pilat and Jo Ransom. 334 pp. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., New York. \$3.

Once society's gayest playground and now a nickle paradise for metropolitan millions, Coney Island has been a unique feature of the American scene, speech and customs for years. Now, two metropolitan newspaper men have plunged into its colorful past, its teeming present, and emerged with a book lavish with anecdote, local color, and, withal, a history of a famed playground. Ransom is radio editor of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, Pilat a reporter on the *New York Post*.

tations, not only in English but in all other civilized languages, ancient and modern, are listed, but chief stress is laid upon the novelties. Despite its length, the book will be printed in one volume. It is scheduled for autumn.

Combine Business, Pleasure on S D X Trip to New Orleans!

Gayety, Fun, Romance Await
You via Illinois Central,
Official Convention Railroad

Sigma Delta Chi's 1941 convention in New Orleans, La., Nov. 12-16, offers to every member the opportunity of combining with this worthwhile journalistic experience a visit to the country's most romantic, thrilling vacationlands.

The Illinois Central System, selected by your fraternity as its official convention route, places at your command its swift, comfortable, transportation service to help make this trip an experience you'll never forget.

From Chicago, via the de luxe "Panama Limited" and the luxurious "Creole," delegates will head southward, to pick up fellow members from other sections of the country, who'll join these special pullmans en route. Think of the fun you'll have on this "pre-convention tour," as you'll enjoy the fellowship of old friends and new!



After the convention is over, you'll want to visit the Gulf Coast—Gulfport and Biloxi; perhaps you'll sail from New Orleans on a popularly priced Caribbean Cruise, or visit Old Mexico. All these marvelous vacations—and many more—start from New Orleans, and your Illinois Central representative will be glad to give you complete information.

Now's the time to start planning for that convention-vacation trip. Remember—no matter where you live, be sure to route your ticket via Illinois Central System, and make your entire journey more of a memorable experience.

J. V. LANIGAN
Passenger Traffic
Manager
501B Central Station
Chicago, Ill.



THE WRITE OF WAY

By William A. Rutledge III

Meet Miss Bacon

AS the buyer of more than 500 stories each year, Miss Daisy Bacon, editor of *Love Story*, guides one of the most profitable magazine properties in the American publishing field.

Before you masculine SDX'ers skip over this column as an item which cannot possibly concern your writing ambitions, let me immediately insert her comment that many of the best love stories are written by men. She ranks Octavus Roy Cohen as one of the best love story fictioneers in the business.

When it is taken into consideration that fully three-fourths of the pulp magazines net less than \$6,000 per year, the full importance of *Love Story* can be realized in its annual earnings of more than \$500,000. On the basis of its investment, this *Street & Smith* magazine, some financial wizard has calculated, is a better paying property than American Telephone and Telegraph, General Motors, or United States Steel. It is a larger business than three or four other magazines combined. Its weekly paid circulation is in excess of 400,000.

Most writers, with their wagons hitched to such stars as *Atlantic Monthly*, *Esquire*, *Saturday Evening Post*, may be prone to look down upon this prosperous, always-ready-to-do-business market. Miss Bacon buys at least nine stories every week, and while her rates aren't the highest in the land, she pays off quickly and in full.

Although she won't commit herself, her checks probably support scores of writers and are an important source of income to many other writers. How many brilliant stars in the literary firmament were influenced by her during the forepart of their careers is another secret of hers.

She is not too busy nor too aloof to take hold of a clumsy writer and guide him along. She is precise in what she wants and will take the role of a hard-boiled teacher, if necessary, to get it. Her method is that of virtually insulting the writer. If he can soak it up and keep on going, he may get a good deal of attention, including plot suggestions and story twists.

HERE are her own words on the important fiction market over which she presides:

We used to have a little girl in the manuscript room who looked through the stories which were simply addressed to *Street & Smith* and when she found the word "love" anywhere, she marked the manuscript for *Love Story*. Many writers feel the same way about a love story . . .

A few words of love and a romantic setting do not make a love story. Some perfectly good love stories are written

without using the word love at all. And the setting does not need to be a glamorous one like the veranda of a country club or a penthouse apartment. One of the most romantic love stories ever published was written around auctioning off a tobacco crop in Kentucky. And long before the movie, "They Drive by Night," was made, William Bogart wrote a good love story about the great army of workers for whom life begins at nightfall.

Writers try to pigeon-hole love stories. They assume that all love stories fall into two or three classes. . . .

In a love story, good characterization is just as necessary as in any other story. . . . And the story must be developed like any other story and the love scenes handled just as carefully as the big scenes in an adventure or sport story . . . love is a subject which may sound silly or ridiculous if it is not treated seriously. . . .

May I offer this, a piece of advice? Read my magazine before trying to write a story for it. And I don't mean to read one copy now and another three months from now, either, but for a number of weeks in succession. You will say that this is all old stuff, that all editors hand out the same line. Perhaps they do, but I guarantee that it will teach you one thing: It will cure you of thinking and saying "All love stories are alike."

All love stories are not alike. . . .

Writing love stories is not just a woman's business. . . .

Members of the so-called stronger sex can turn out love stories of good quality. End quote.

Market Tips

The editors of *Modern Romances*, 149 Madison Ave., New York, are offering six \$100 bonus checks, in addition to the regular 2-cent word rate, to the authors submitting the most colorful and authentic book-length true stories representative of the following six locales:

West—Washington, Oregon, California, Montana, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Idaho, Wyoming.

Midwest and North Central—North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Nebraska, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio.

Southwest—Texas, New Mexico, Arkansas, Arizona, Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri.

South—Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina.

New England—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island.

Central Atlantic—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, District of Columbia.

These true book-length stories—to be run as a series in six consecutive issues of *Modern Romances*—will appear under this general title:

"True Stories of Passion and Romance." Taking the key theme from that title, the persons submitting copy should present as dramatic, colorful, and authoritative a picture of the emotional love problems, the moods and manners of the people living in that particular section as is possible, without sacrificing a well-defined and dramatic plot.

Length: Not over 20,000 words. Contest to start: With this announcement. Closing date:

Nov. 1. All manuscripts received will be reported upon within three weeks from date of receipt. Enclose postage for manuscript's return, if it proves to be unsuitable.

Contests

Harper's magazine offers a prize of \$1,000 for the best authentic account of first-hand war experience, or war observation, received between Aug. 20, 1941, and July 1, 1942. The experience recounted may have been in Europe, or in this country, or for that matter at any place to which the influence of this war has extended.

Manuscripts will be considered by the Editors upon their receipt, and those which are considered available for publication will be accepted promptly, paid for at usual rates, and published. After July 1, 1942, the Editors will decide which manuscript is the best submitted up to that time, whether already published or not, and will award it the prize, paying the author a sum sufficient to bring his or her total payment for the article to \$1,000. The terms are thus arranged in order to encourage the prompt submission of manuscripts.

There will be no set limits of length, but in general manuscripts of between 3,000 and 8,000 words will be preferred. This contest is designed less for professional writers than for people who have had interesting experiences and are able to recount them interestingly. Although refugees' experiences are not disqualified, so many articles of this sort have already been published that they would presumably be unlikely contenders for the prize.

The tenth Harper Prize of \$10,000 has been awarded to Judith Kelly, of Beverly, Mass., for her novel, "Marriage Is a Private Affair," chosen by the judges as the best book submitted in the 1940-1941 Prize Novel Competition. The judges were Louis Bromfield, Clifton Fadiman and Josephine W. Johnson.

Judith Kelly is the wife of William D. English, a Boston lawyer. She is one of the modern young women who has learned how to combine marriage and motherhood with a career. Her prize-winning novel was completed only a month before the birth of her second child. She has a workroom in her garage and finished the book by keeping faithfully to her working schedule.

It's Your Service!

Employers in all branches of journalism are experiencing difficulties these days in finding the right men for openings.

Men who are available for those openings aren't psychic, either.

For all members of Sigma Delta Chi—both employers and men seeking positions—the fraternity's own Personnel Bureau is the logical place to turn to in solving the problem. The Personnel Bureau is maintained for only one purpose—to serve the members.

Let the Personnel Bureau help YOU make the right contact!

THE PERSONNEL BUREAU of Sigma Delta Chi

JAMES C. KIPER, Director

35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

A nationwide non-profit service supported by Sigma Delta Chi, Professional Journalistic Fraternity.

ALLEN WAGNER, who resigned as executive secretary of Minneapolis-St. Paul Sanitary district, became assistant to the secretary of the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Co., St. Paul, and editor of their new house organ, the *Megaphone*, in April. Before his connection with the Sanitary district Mr. Wagner had served with the old Minneapolis *Daily News* and the Minneapolis *Tribune*, was city editor of the *Fargo Forum* and the *St. Paul Daily News*, and was editor of *Ace*, the St. Paul Athletic Club monthly.

RALPH ROGER WILLIAMS (Georgia '41) has been added to the publicity staff of Radio Station WSB of the *Atlanta Journal*.

JOE I. RICHMAN (Georgia '41) has joined the staff of the *Wilmington (N. C.) Star News*.

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE (Florida Professional), author, editor and publisher, whose headquarters are The Book Nest, 29 Jefferson Street, Winthrop, Mass., and Miss Lynne Evangeline White were married May 15 in Quincy, Fla.

Several eastern, southern, and mid-western newspapermen are among nine men and women who have been granted scholarships to the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern university for the coming academic year. All will do graduate work in journalism.

The active newspapermen winning scholarships are Martin Z. Post, of East Orange, N. J., who holds an undergraduate journalism degree from Rutgers University and is on the staff of the *Cranford (N. J.) Citizen and Chronicle*; Jack H. Johnson, of Dallas, now on the *Gainesville (Tex.) Daily Register*, and a journalism graduate from Southern Methodist University; and Miss Roberta G. Applegate, of East Lansing, Mich., a graduate of Michigan State college working on the *Lansing (Mich.) State Journal*.

Some of the remaining award winners have had newspaper or magazine experience in the past, and several have spent one year in journalism study at Northwestern or elsewhere. The other scholarship holders are: Irwin C. Harris, Corvallis, Ore., B.S., Oregon State College; Miss Isabel Cumming, Bangor, Me., B.A., Wellesley College; William C. Harris, River Falls, Wis., B.A., Grinnell College; Richard R. Powell, Tampa, Fla., B.A., University of Tampa; Raymond C. Shady, Weleetka, Okla., B.S. in Commerce, Northwestern; and Derrill de S. Trenholm, Jr., Fort Sill, Okla., B.A., Dartmouth College.

PETER C. RHODES, former foreign correspondent now directing press publicity for United China Relief, Inc., 1790 Broadway, New York City, and Mrs. Rhodes have announced the birth of their second daughter, Alice Sara Estelle, July 25.

RAY HEADY (Kansas Professional), formerly an instructor in journalism at the University of Kansas, Lawrence, has been appointed assistant professor of journalism at the University of Oklahoma, effective in September. A graduate of Kansas State Teachers College in 1930, he worked on the *Pittsburg (Kan.) Headlight* at intervals from 1930 to 1933 and was journalism teacher and advisor on school publications in three Kansas high schools.

GEREON ZIMMERMAN (Marquette '41) has joined ROBERT WALTER (Marquette '40) and JOSEPH KENNEY (Marquette '40) in the advertising department of Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago.

THE QUILL for September, 1941

Heads Journalists



John B. Long

Long, general manager of the California Newspaper Publishers Association, Inc., is the new president of the American Institute of Journalists (Los Angeles Professional Chapter of Sigma Delta Chi).

His journalistic career began in high school and was followed by campus journalistic experience at Denison University, Granville, O. He served in various capacities with the Council Bluffs (Iowa) *Enterprise*; Washington C. H. (O.) *News*; Omaha *Daily News*; Des Moines *Register & Tribune*; Omaha *Bee* and the Northwestern Bell Telephone Co., before becoming general manager of the California Newspaper Publishers Association, Inc.

He is a past president of Newspaper Association Managers, Inc., is chairman of the Committee on Public Information of the California State Council of Defense, and is a member of Sigma Chi, Alpha Phi Gamma, San Francisco Press Club and other organizations.

Other officers of the American Institute of Journalists are: Roy L. French, head of the Journalism School at the University of Southern California, secretary-treasurer, and Irvin Borders, advertising manager of the Citizens Trust and Savings Bank, of Los Angeles, vice-president.

ROBERT E. VINING (Northwestern '29), formerly public relations director for the Western Electric Company, Point Breeze works, Baltimore, Md., is now commissioned as lieutenant commander, U. S. N. R., in charge of public relations of the Fifth Naval District, Norfolk, Va.

FLOYD K. BASKETTE (Wisconsin Professional), former assistant professor of journalism at Syracuse University, became assistant professor of journalism at Emory University in September. An A.B. and M.A. graduate of the University of Missouri, Prof. Baskette has taught at Alamosa State Teachers College, Alamosa, Colo., at Wisconsin and Syracuse, did newspaper work on several papers and also radio work.

DWIGHT L. SMITH (Indiana '31), news-editor of the *Salem (Ind.) Republican-Leader*, has been appointed junior grand deacon of the Grand Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons of Indiana.

JAMES E. CONKLIN (Knox '27), of Hutchinson, Kan., has been appointed a member of the Youth Committee of Rotary International, one of the organization's most important committees. He is field assistant of the Equitable Life Assurance Society and is serving his second term as president of the Kansas State Association of Life Underwriters.

DR. GREGORY MASON, author, anthropologist and former war correspondent, has been appointed head of the Department of Journalism at New York University. A native of New York City, he is 53 years old. He received his A.B. degree from Williams in 1911, his Ph.D. from the University of Southern California in 1938. During 1912-13 he was a special writer for the *New York Sun* and from 1914 to 1920 on the staff of *Outlook*. He was managing editor of the *Japan Advertiser* for a brief period.

FRANK E. SAILER (Temple '33), for the past three years associate editor of the *American Glass Review*, national trade weekly, Pittsburgh, has been named editor of that magazine.

FREDERICK S. SIEBERT (Wisconsin '23), of the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University has been appointed director of the School of Journalism at the University of Illinois, effective Sept. 1. A former faculty member at Illinois and secretary of the Illinois Press Association, he had been on the Medill staff since last fall. He is the author of several volumes on journalism.

EDMUND C. GORRELL (Purdue Professional) is editor of the *Pulaski County Democrat* at Winamac, Ind., which published its fiftieth anniversary issue July 31, 1941.

—30—

ALBERT A. STEWART, 86 years old, is believed to have been the oldest living member of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, at the time of his death Aug. 6 in Colorado Springs. Mr. Stewart, who organized the printing department at Kansas State College and printed the first copy of the *Kansas Industrialist*, became a member of Sigma Delta Chi at Manhattan, Kan., in 1937.

★

ROBERT W. CROCKETT, JR. (Missouri '30) died Aug. 5, 1941 at his home in Salt Lake City, Utah. At the time, he was editor of *The Circuit*, monthly magazine published for the employees of the Utah Power & Light Co. He had been editing the magazine and assisting in public relations for a year. He had been with the company in various other capacities for the seven years previous.

Mr. Crockett was a member of Eastern Utah's oldest newspaper family, being the son of the late R. W. Crockett, who published the *Price, Utah*, paper for some 40 years. Bob edited it after his father's death in 1931 until it was sold two years later. He worked briefly for several other papers before joining the power company.

He leaves his wife, the former Sue Wass, Theta Sigma Phi at Missouri, a son, Robert, 9, and his mother.

This Matter of Morale

AFTER months of rumors, disturbing word-of-mouth reports and letters and statements from men in the Army camps, the matter of morale in the various military centers, particularly those camps where selectees are being trained, has come into the open. *Life's* treatment of the problem was, as far as we know, the first concentrated discussion of the subject.

There has been discontent in the camps, and, judging from the words of the men themselves, good and sufficient reason for it. Mere tub-thumping, shouts of "fifth columnists," waving the flag and various and sundry kinds of "whooping-up" will not go far in really getting to the root of things. The existing conditions giving rise to discontent must be alleviated.

Much or most of the trouble could be remedied by the Army itself could it but unwrap itself from its swaddling of red tape, forego a few golf games with attractive young ladies in shorts, lay off the polo playing, the officers' clubs and the social life which is open to an officer but denied to a man in the ranks. It is significant there has been little indication of poor morale or discontent in the Navy—and happy fact for the whole country this is so.

THAT there should be some griping and beefing by the men in camp is to be expected. After all, when you take an individual away from his home, his friends, his job, his hobbies and his social life you have taken away from him the things he holds most dear. No matter how good the facilities provided in their stead, they won't be like the things back home.

But if the food is bad—and that seems to be the most persistent complaint from the men in camp—the problem can and must be solved. In some camps, apparently, the food is of the highest quality and, most important of all, it is properly prepared in sanitary and appetizing conditions.

Improper cooking and preparation can ruin the best of food-stuffs—and, to judge by what the selectees say, there are a lot of stablehands, plumbers, mechanics and those of other callings who somehow have been made over into cooks. Feed a man properly and you have removed the source of most of the griping to be found in any body of men.

Then we hear almost unbelievable stories of insufficient sanitary facilities in some of the camps. If this is so, why should it be? A Congressional committee or a group of newspapermen who really investigated the situation instead of merely making a junket should be able to find the answers.

ANOTHER complaint of the selectees is that they are wasting a year or more—that they are not being trained; that they haven't any of the weapons they are supposed to be learning how to use; that they have spent a year fiddling around doing principally marching, drilling, KP and policing up camp. They declare they could have mastered all they have been given to learn in six weeks.

That situation is not the fault of the Army or anyone else, as far as this department can see. The tools of war have been lacking—and it has been deemed more important to put them into the hands of those actually fighting the Nazi hordes on various fronts than to completely equip our forces here. As the productive powers of the nation reach their capacity there will be sufficient arms for our allies and ourselves as well in this fight to defeat Hitlerism.

AS WE VIEW IT

VERY few of the men who have gone into training would seriously object, we venture, had they been convinced of the necessity for their training, had they been made to feel they really were learning something that would aid them in the actual defense of their country if and when the time arose; had they been properly fed, had there been proper sanitary and recreational facilities provided or ready for them when they reached camp.

This is a highly intelligent group of selectees we have sent to camp. They have the makings of one of the finest armies in the world if properly handled. They are loyal and ready to serve provided they are convinced they aren't being played for suckers. There'll always be griping—and that's perhaps a good thing, for a fat, lazy army wouldn't be much protection against any enemy.

America has tried—is trying—to do a whole lot in a very short space of time. Men were sent to camps before camps were ready. We know that now. Mistakes, costly and irritating, were made. We know that, too. Hindsight is always better than foresight. Monday-morning quarter-backing is always more efficient than that of Saturday afternoon during the heat of the battle.

BUT let's be honest about these things. Let's correct these mistakes as fast as possible. Let's correct the food situation, the lack of sanitary facilities and recreational facilities as rapidly as we can. Let there be publicity and frank discussion concerning these problems. Let the Army admit improper conditions, if they exist and at the same time let the men and their families feel assured something will be done about them.

Newspapermen know—and they have tried desperately to make the brass hats realize—that it's better to discuss these things openly, fully and frankly, than to try to stifle discussion and have rumors and undercover reports seep throughout the country.

The facts, accurately presented, usually are far less disturbing than are the whispered reports.

So let's let the man get the "beefs" off their individual and collective chests. Let's thresh things out publicly and DO something about any improper conditions. Then all the whispering campaigns Hitler's aids might start would quickly subside.

National Newspaper Week

AS National Newspaper Week, which will be observed Oct. 1 to Oct. 8 inclusive, draws near, we'd like to repeat what we said about the plan last year. Namely, that such a week has done and will do a lot of good. Some very clever and interesting methods of presenting the papers to the public have been devised.

So far, so good. But why limit any program of public relations for the newspapers to a single week? What the business and professional aspects of newspaper making need is a year-round program of presenting to the public the stories behind the news; the ways and means by which news and pictures reach the reader despite censors and every other sort of obstacle.

Make the reader realize all the year round what a lot of effort, what a lot of fact finding and explanation, what a lot of money and effort, are expended in return for the pennies he spends for his paper.

AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

PERHAPS the following items more properly belong in the Head-Hunters column, but since we want to bring you both heads and stories in full, we'll present them here.

The following head and story are, we feel, among the best we've seen in many a moon. Hope it brings you a chuckle in these days of taxes, draft calls, priorities, shortages and what-not.

McKechnie Out on a Short Fly

Reds' Manager Lands in Detroit Looking for Pirates

A tall and rather scholarly looking citizen clambered down from an American Airlines plane at City Airport today and headed for a taxi. The plane had just gotten in from Chicago.

"Forbes Field," said the tall party to the driver.

"Huh?" said the driver.

"Forbes Field, Forbes Field," said the traveler, impatiently. "You know, where the Pirates play."

The driver looked puzzled.

"Mister," he said. "I don't know nothing about no Forbes Field and no Pirates. Where do you think you are, anyway?"

"Look," said the stranger. "My name is Bill McKechnie. Maybe you've heard of me. I'm the manager of the Cincinnati Reds. That's a baseball team. We're going to play your Pittsburgh Pirates at Forbes Field today and I want to go out there right away."

The taxi driver did some explaining. McKechnie got out, went back into the ticket office and bought himself a ticket on the next plane from Detroit to Pittsburgh.

He explained that he had purchased a ticket on the TWA line for Pittsburgh at the Chicago airport this morning, but had gotten onto an American Airlines plane for Detroit instead. Tickets are taken up from passengers before they leave the ticket office, and a stewardess checks the passengers into the plane from a list. If the passenger, at the plane gangway, mumbles something about "Mr. Mnff," the stewardess could check off any name sounding like that, and permit the passenger to board the plane.

When last seen, McKechnie was headed for Pittsburgh in a Pennsylvania Airlines plane. His face was a delicate, shell pink.

THEN, there is this head and story—which takes the palm for weather reporting—clipped by Lou Gelfand, of the Tulsa bureau of the *Associated Press*, from the Nowata (Okla.) *Daily Star*:

THE QUILL for September, 1941

Personal Paragraphs



Harold E. Rainville

Rainville, president of the Headline Club of Chicago, which is the Chicago professional chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, has been active and interested in the fraternity since his undergraduate days as an officer of the Northwestern University chapter. A graduate of 1929, he was a member of the program committee for the 1928 national convention at Evanston.

Following graduation, he joined the United Press bureau in Chicago and was bureau financial editor in 1933 when he resigned to enter the public relations field. He operates his own organization in Chicago.

In 1938 he was the Chicago chapter's delegate to the national convention in California and served as chairman of the press relations committee. He is a member of Pi Kappa Alpha social fraternity, has served as president of its Chicago alumni organization and for several years as national publicity director. He is married and has two children.

Weather In Smash Hit Show

Ethereal pyrotechnics, swooping wind and pounding rain played five hours to an attentive audience here last night in one of the most dazzling elemental circuses seen this season.

Nowatans, from their porches and windows, watched the lightning, a star performer, walk a crazy path across the black heavens as a prelude to a strangling downpour that left 2.23 inches of water in George Seabolt's federal rain gauge.

The show was air conditioned, the temperature dropping as low as 67 during the height of the blinding rainstorm.

Titanic crashes and rumbles of thunder accompanied the prolonged performance, a double feature bill.

Lightning split a tree in the yard of Chief of Police Lee Wallace at 411 S. Willow Street, but otherwise no damage more serious than strained nerves was reported.

Which, we'd like to observe in closing this department for the month, is a "lotta watta" for a place by the name of Nowata!

Public Service

[Concluded from page 7]

quickly provide yourself with a gilt-edge mailing list.

HERE are some miscellaneous tips:

Don't fail to subscribe to *Program* and to read every line of it, every issue.

Always reserve all your tickets. Thus the early buyers get the best seats—and you give people an incentive to buy tickets in advance. With unreserved seats, people will likely plan to buy tickets at the door, and last-minute bad weather may ruin your attendance.

Engage only sure-fire speakers. Never balance your budget with a "cheap" speaker. He'll cost you plenty in empty seats at future shows, after your audience has heard and disliked him. Topnotch talent is the secret of a successful lecture course.

If you are presenting motion pictures, make sure you have first-class projection equipment and a professional operator. Otherwise you'll spoil your show. Engage competent ushers, too. Never "save" money at the expense of the public. The public won't stand for it.

If you are earning money for a charitable or educational cause, you have a right to be exempt from the 10 per cent federal amusement tax on tickets. Obtain an exemption blank from the Collector of Internal Revenue to whom you pay your income tax. Under such exemption you may pay yourself a reasonable salary for your work, but you may not participate in the profits. If you are in doubt about your status, discuss it with the nearest Internal Revenue office.

Drive hard on your promotion for advance sales. You should aim to have every cent of your expenses in the bank before your season starts.

But above all—get sure-fire talent. And, once you've established a reputation for good attractions, you may either increase your number of shows, raise your prices, or do both.

ACCORDING TO —

"The students at the University of Missouri School of Journalism follow *THE QUILL* closely every month and receive many worthwhile ideas from your excellent magazine."—JOSEPH B. COWAN, School of Journalism, University of Missouri.



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you can get along without us!

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